

Paramour

I Want To Be With You - XII

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Series: I Want To Be With You [12]

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Criminals, Alternate Universe - Domestic, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Backstory, Emotional Baggage, Gen, Hostage Situations, Living Together, M/M, Secret Crush, Strangers, Thief, Tropes, president's kid

Language: English

Characters: Background & Cameo Characters, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Minor or Background Relationship(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-31

Updated: 2017-11-01

Packaged: 2020-01-30 20:43:45

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,329

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After Richie nearly gets caught by the cops, he takes up residence with Eddie Kaspbrak, the president's son.

One of them falls in love.

Too bad one of them has too much baggage to carry anything else.

PREVIOUSLY CALLED DIRTY LAUNDRY

1. Stay The Night

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm back! Here's an update, also, this is a one shot now. Hope you enjoy!

"Come out with your hands up, Tozier!" The cops scream, but he keeps his hands around his hostage's mouth, shushing him while they stand idle outside. "We will be forced to raid and shoot!"

His hostsge wiggles and screams, and Richie wonders why he doesn't bite his hand or...something. At least, that's what Richie would do if he were being held hostage.

"Dude relax, I'm not going to actually hurt you." He whispers in his hostage's ear, too close for comfort,"I just need you to do me a little favor. When I let go of your mouth, *do not* scream, okay?"

His hostage nods, and he trusts it, letting go only to cover his ears at the piercing scream that the man lets out. "AHHH SOMEONE HELP! UGH YOU TOUCHED MY FUCKING MOUTH, WHO ARE YOU??? HELP!!"

"FUCK I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO SCREAM??"

"AND YOU EXPECTED ME TO LISTEN??? God, I need my inhaler!"

"Inhaler? Do you have asthma or some shi-hey! You can't walk off, they'll shoot you! Have you never been in a hostage situation?"

"No! I can't say I have!" He says in shock, and Richie is taken aback by his offense. "And they're not gonna shoot me, because I'm giving you up."

"No! Just, okay, hear me out dude. Or...what's your name?"

"You think I'm going to tell you my name."

Richie shrugs, smiling. "It was worth a try."

"Ugh."

"I don't want to hurt anyone! I'm not even, like, a professional thief."

"Oh thank god, you haven't gotten your degree yet? That *really* helps, thanks."

"No! Like...I work for someone else. An apprentice."

"Right. And I'm going to go tell them you're unarmed so they can get you the fuck out of my house, hey!" He screams, opening the big window they were hiding near and squealing as bullets come flying in, forcing him back onto the ground.

"I told you they'd shoot. They're trigger happy."

"*Fuck* you." He groans, rubbing his arm and standing up.

"Will you listen to me now?"

"Fine. What do you want? My credit card? My watches? What?"

"I want you to forget this even happened."

"Psh."

"*And* I need you to tell them I'm not here and let me stay here until things blow over."

"That's a felony!"

"And I'n probably a felon, but, I swear. It'll be like I'm not here."

"Do you not know who I am?"

"No, but we can get to that *after* the cops leave--"

"Look at the stuff around you! You won't be safe here."

Richie takes a glance around, and he nearly vomits his heart out of his chest. "Oh shit...you're-"

"Eddie Kaspbrak. The president's son."

He takes a breath, relaxing his shoulders and turning back towards him. "I still wanna do it."

"Oh my--"

"Listen! I won't get you in trouble, okay?"

"You say that now--"

"I *won't*. I'm not professional, but I'm pretty good. I'll do anything you want. Just...do this one thing for me."

"I don't *know* you!"

"And what a perfect chance to get to know me!"

"Fuck you."

"You have 10 seconds to come out and surrender!"

"Please."

"No!"

"9!"

"Eddie I will get on my knees and lick your shoes clean--"

"Fucking disgusting, why would you do that??"

"8!"

"It was just an option for the compromise."

"That's what you thought of???"

"7!"

"I mean, it seemed like a great offer to me."

"Which is exactly why you need to get out. Come get him!!"

"6!"

"Dammit why won't they listen to me?"

"I still don't get why you wouldn't want me to lick your shoes clean."

"Would you let it go??"

"4!"

"Did they skip 5?"

"No, you were fucking talking over it."

"Hm."

"3!"

"So are you gonna let me stay or not?" He settles on, casually pulling out a covered syringe and motioning it towards his hostage. "Because I'm pretty sure this would kill a dainty thing like you."

"You said you were unarmed!"

"No, you assumed I was. What'll it be?"

"1!"

"Fucking..." He runs to the window, waving his arms to stop the cops. "Don't shoot! He escaped out the back! That way!" He points the opposite direction, and the cops rush to their cars, slamming the doors and driving off. Eddie breathes, then pushes past Richie to grab his jacket.

"Thank-oh where are you going??"

"To go step in some dog shit so you can lick my shoe. And don't touch

anything while I'm gone, I have 911 on speed dial."

"Sir, yes Sir!" Richie salutes, grabbing a photo and sitting down, and Eddie just slams the door behind him, exasperated.

What has he gotten himself into?

"Okay, I'm back, now you need t-what the hell are you doing??" Eddie screams, watching his newfound criminal rummage through his cabinets in a frustrated haze.

"I got hungry, and i can't exactly order out or anything. Do you have oregano?"

"Get out of my cabinets!!" Eddie says, snatching his hand down and dragging him to the couch, pushing him down and crossing his arms. "Explain yourself!"

"Well, I saw you had spaghetti and I figured--"

"No you fucking--why are you on the run from the police??"

"Oh, because I robbed a mansion. I got away with *alot* of goods too, wanna see?" He beams, going towards the bag he busted through the door with, which was too small to get away with anything valuable.

"No! I don't wanna see! That makes me an accomplice!"

"You're kind of already an accomplice for letting me stay here, Eds."

"Do *not* give me nicknames. We are *not* friends."

He shrugs, sitting the bag back on the ground and taking a seat back on the couch with an amused look. "You're nervous. Why?"

"Because, there's a criminal in my living room that was about to make spaghetti while i went for a walk."

"You make it sound like a bad thing. It's not like I stole *actual* money."

If I had, I may as well have had a ski mask on and held my gun backwards."

"I figured that's what all criminals do."

"Ah you see, that's what your kind do, judge people and don't even think twice about their name. You don't know a damn thing about me Eddie, how could you possibly lump me in with other criminals?"

"You *are* other criminals. You're *all* bad people! You take things that don't belong to you just because you feel like you're entitled to it. Well guess what? Sometimes you have to *earn* a living, dude."

"I've tried to earn a living, but it's harder to do so when nobody will hire you. I'm 26, Eddie. 10 years I've been trying to get a job, with no

luck. At what point do you give up? By the way," He stands, offering his hand with the softest smile Eddie had ever seen. "I'm Richard Tozier, but most people just call me Richie."

"Well it's nice to finally know *something*. Now would you please turn the stove off? I'll just...order pizza or something. And *don't touch* anything."

"You said that last time!" Richie pouts, and Eddie sighs, ignoring him on his way to the phone.

"So?"

Eddie rolls his eyes, pushing pizza across his plate. "So?"

"Tell me about yourself!"

"No thanks."

"Awww c'mon! What if you're a cop or something and--and you're going to rat me out!"

"Life isn't that easy." Eddie exhales, finally taking a bite of his pizza despite the rudeness of his guest. "And it's impolite to talk with your mouth full."

"Is it?" Richie laughs, taking another bite and chewing with his mouth open, "I nrvr nrtced!"

"Ugh." He remarks, pushing his plate away and crossing his arms. "People think that's disgusting--"

"You've discussed me?" Richie grins, but it falls away when he sees the frustration in Eddie's face, and he swallows. "Listen dude, I'm not happy with this situation either, and I'm trying to make it as easy as possible on you."

"The easiest possible route is me turning you in to the cops and getting my house back before my father rips a hole in my ass!"

"That's...not legal--"

"I swear--"

"Okay! Okay. Just, here, I'll start. I'm Richie Tozier, I'm 26, and I've robbed more people blind than there are blind people to rob."

"How has my father not caught you yet?"

"Because he isn't as street smart as he is booksmart. He is the president, after all. Not exactly the kinda guy to be wandering around my neighborhood looking for advice."

Eddie examines him closely, and doesn't falter at the slight redness of his face when he catches on. "You don't look poor."

"I never said I was poor. I'm just not incredibly wealthy like you."

"I'm not that wealthy, obviously." Eddie motions around to his home, and Richie shrugs.

"You have an entire house to yourself. I barely have an entire room to myself."

"And you want me to pity you?"

Richie sighs, standing up and fluffing his hair with pizza covered fingers. Eddie winces, but doesn't speak. "I don't want your pity,

sweetheart, I just need a hiding spot until the heat dies down. Then, I'll be on my way," He continues, walking over to Eddie and leaning into his face. "And you'll be on yours. Now, your turn!"

"Shouldn't you know about me already?"

"Why would I?"

"Because you're a criminal."

Richie scoffs, shaking his head as he stands straight up. "Wow, you really *are* sheltered. I don't target people who don't owe me anything."

"So the national banks...owe you something?"

"Yes. The money all you people keep "saved" away for a rainy day. There isn't a rainy day where you guys won't have money, so I figured you could share the wealth."

"Why don't you just marry rich?"

"Let's just say rich girls...aren't my type." He chuckles, winking at Eddie playfully. "Regardless, most of them wanna marry rich, too. Speaking of, your wife. Is she coming home soon?"

"I, ah, I'm not married."

"What? Why not? You're cute enough, rich enough--"

"I'm not rich--"

"Is it because of that immense case of OCD you have?"

"Case of what?"

"OCD? Obsessive Compulsive--"

"I *know* what it means, Richie," Eddie sighs, standing up and pinching the bridge of his nose, "I mean to say I don't have OCD."

Richie laughs, grabbing his gut and leaning back while Eddie finds nothing amusing, furrowing his brows and pushing past him. "You're hilarious! Are you a comedian or something?"

"No. I'm a limo driver."

"Woah! Mr. Presidents Boy has a job? I never would have thought--"

"Can we let it go please?" He says firmly, and the laughing ceases, as does the aura of the room.

"Okay, dude, jeez. Just messing around. Anyways, I think I'm gonna head to sleep. Mind if I take the couch?"

"TAKE IT WHERE??" Eddie freaks out, and Richie raises an eyebrow.
"Oh, you mean sleep there. Um, sure, I'll go get blankets."

"I'm not going to steal from you, you don't owe me anything."

"Everyone feels like I owe them *something*," Eddie begins, taking pillows and a comforter out of his closet, "It's only a matter of time before you feel that way too. Goodnight."

"Ah, goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the spaghetti bite!" Richie calls out, and Eddie rolls his eyes up the stairs, sighing peacefully.

2. Misery Business

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie has a choice. What will he choose?

"Where are you going?" Richie asks as Eddie pulls on a jacket over his sweater, which Richie thinks is overkill, but he won't comment.

"You committed a crime and held me hostage. I'm going to the police, Richie, this isn't a movie."

"Oh...are you, ah--"

"Going to rat you out? I really fucking should. You've been here for a week and it's already getting to me."

"Your father is the president, you *need* a little fun in your life!"

"Fun, not crime. Anyways, just, stay put, okay?"

"Sure," Richie says, and he seems to be talking more to himself than Eddie. "Sure, I can do that! Can I just ask...I can make food, right?"

"Fine, you can eat, but do *not* leave the house or make a mess."

"Mhmm."

"Richie!"

"Alright!" He laughs, curling up on the couch in a ball and waving Eddie off. "Go to your interview."

"Interrogation." He sighs, throwing a chair pillow at his guest, and he can't help but think they've gotten domestic over the short period of time he's been there. Eddie shakes it off and heads to his car, holding his breath with the thought of facing his father.

"Ah Edward! You've made it!" He beams, pulling his son into a tight hug in front of the entire police force, as if this was a normal thing he does.

As if Eddie's father ever cared about him.

He wiggles out of the hug and straightens his jacket up, giving a sly, false smile. "Hi, Jason. You said the police needed to ask me some questions?"

His father gives him an odd look, but he brushes it off as an act. "Um, yes, they're actually ready for you now. Do you need me for anything?"

"I didn't ask you to come up here, so..." He trails off, shrugging, and a

detective motions for him to follow, and he does, leaving his father in his dust.

He takes a seat in the brightly lit room, across from a girl with short raven hair cut into a bob, brown tinted glasses perched on the edge of her nose, and bright, red lipstick coating her lips. She smiles at Eddie and extends her hand. "I'm Detective Bach, but you can call me Marceline. You're Eddie Kaspbrak, correct?" He nods, and she sets her manilla folder down, still grinning. "Your father seems to care alot."

"Yes. He sure does seem to."

"Well, I heard that you got held hostage a week ago! That probably affected you pretty bad, right?"

"Not really. It was happening, and then it was over. You guys weren't much help." Eddie laughs, but the detective seems unamused and a bit confused.

"I do not work for the police force, Eddie. I'm an investigator that your father hired. He wants to make sure that you aren't lying about any of the details you provided the police with."

"I didn't provide them with any details, they just assumed things for themselves."

"So you didn't tell them the suspect, Richard Adam Tozier, escaped your home?"

"Yes, but that wasn't during an interrogation. It was during the crime. Once he left, it was their job to find him. Right?"

She raises an eyebrow but nods, and Eddie relaxes more in his chair.

"So you have no idea where he could be? No prior relationships with him at all?"

"Are you getting to a point?" Eddie half squeals, and his hands are sort of wet, and they're gripping the chair tightly in nervousness.

"Did you lie to the police about the whereabouts of Richie Tozier?"

"No."

"Would you be willing to take a lie detector test to prove that?"

Eddie shoots up, slamming his hands on the table and hoping that sweat doesn't splash onto the investigator. "This is fucking nonsense! I don't even have to be here! I don't know where you guys' fucking thief is, okay? Do you have anything else to ask or can I go?"

She leans back in her chair, giving him a once over, then standing up herself. "You're free to go. If I have any other questions, your father will contact you."

"Please, take your time." He spits, then he curves around her, through the hallway, past his father without anything but a haunting glare, out of the building and into his car.

He needed to forget about all of this, and quick.

Richie's curled back up onto the couch eating a plate of spaghetti when Eddie comes through the door, red faced and sweaty. "Jesus, what happened?"

"Shut up, Richie."

"Awww, Eds, you look so cute!"

"Says the criminal that made me look this fucking way! Move over." He demands, and Richie obliges, making room on the couch for his companion.

"Soo..."

"What."

"Did you tell them?"

"No. I didn't tell them about how you held me hostage, then forced me to lie for you, and practically moved in with me. Do you know how that would make me look?"

"I--I'm sorry, Eds."

"Stop calling me that!" He yells, and Richie just shrugs, pulling him into a tight hug, which he fights for awhile, but ultimately gives into with a quiet sob. "I hate my dad."

"What? Why? I mean, besides him being a dictating asshole."

Eddie shrugs this time, and Richie takes that answer as if it were verbal. He holds Eddie close until his breathing slows and the shuddering stops, and he's sitting up, wiping his eyes. "Thanks. I needed that."

"Yeah, I know." Richie scolds, helping wipe Eddie's eyes and soothing him with circles on his back. Eddie laughs at the mess he's made of himself, but Richie thinks he's gorgeous. He stares at him for awhile, then he makes an even bigger mistake than robbing a national bank.

He leans in and kisses Eddie.

Before he can even get into it, Eddie pushes him away, standing up in anger and distress. "What the hell are you doing???"

"I thought--"

"You thought fucking wrong! Why would you do that?"

"You don't feel anything between us? Eddie, you covered up my tracks for fucks sakes! You have to care about me, somewhat, right?"

Eddie rubs his head in irritation and confusion alike, and he just needed to get away from everyone at this point.

What a second, this was his house.

"Eds?"

His life.

"Eddie?"

He controlled this part. Nobody else.

"Please talk to me, Eddie."

And he was so fed up with getting pushed around. So, so done.

"Get out."

"What?"

"I need you to leave right now. Please."

"Eddie--"

"GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!!!"

Richie doesn't speak, he simply stands up, grabbing his duffel bag on the ground, and taking one look at a very frustrated Eddie. Eddie simply opens the front door, ignoring pleading eyes, and Richie obliges.

He's fucked it up again.

He squints his eyes tight as the door slams behind him, and he sits on the front door, and finally breaks down.

Tears pour from his eyes about everything.

His parents.

His friends.

His life.

Everything. And soon, he's out of tears, and he's standing up, and it's dark outside again.

It's like the same day he came in, dark, groggy, and a bag full of cash in his hand.

Never again, he promises himself.

It isn't like Richie has anything to lose.

He worms his way through the streets, avoiding headlights and potholes, until he sees a familiar building.

He pushes open both doors and throws the bag on the ground, holding his hands in the air with a sad, sad smile.

"I caught Richie Tozier." He says, then he laughs as the cops scramble to arrest him.

He locks eyes with a man who reminds him of someone he'll never see again, and he winks at him, because he's got nothing to lose.

They push him into a holding cell and tell him to stay there, as if he could possibly escape.

He takes a seat, and it's unlike the comforting touch of the couch. He runs his fingers across his lips, and he can still feel the weight of Eddie's.

Maybe Eddie was carrying more than Richie thought.

Maybe he made the wrong move.

None of that matters anymore, though, because Eddie will never have to see him again.

Even now, he can swear he hears his voice echoing in the precinct, calling out his name, but it all has to be in his head.

Nobody would ever come back for a man like Richie Tozier.